UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
G 000 083 615 5

400

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

FRENCH, Benjamin Franklin, historian, b. in Richmond, Va., 8 June, 1799; d. in New York city, 30 May, 1877. He studied law, but abandoned it on account of failing health. From his early manhood he contributed to magazines and newspapers. He removed to Louisiana in 1830, and engaged in planting and commerce, continuing his literary work and collecting an extensive library, which he afterward presented to the Fiske free library of New Orleans. In 1853 he removed to New York, and, retiring from business, devoted himself to historical writing. He published "Biographia Americana" (New York, 1825); "Memoirs of Eminent Female Writers" (Philadelphia, 1827); "Beauties of Byron, Scott, and Moore" (New York, 1828); "Historical Collections of Louisiana" (1846–'58); "History and Progress of the Iron Trade of the United States" (1858); and "Historical Annals of North America" (1861).

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND

THOMAS MOORE ESQUIRE;

SELECTED FROM

THEIR WORKS;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
ASH & MASON, AND T. DESILVER.
L. R. BAILEY, PRINTER.
1826.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of
(L. S.) September, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, *Ash & Mason*, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—

"The Beauties of Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Moore Esquire; se-
"lected from their Works; with historical and explanatory notes. By a
"Gentleman of Philadelphia."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL, *Clerk of the*
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

5303
F88

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August 1771, and is the eldest son of the late Walter Scott Esq., an eminent advocate of that city. In his early youth, he displayed a considerable taste and genius in drawing landscapes from nature, but was neither remarkable for liveliness of disposition nor aptitude for learning. At a proper age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and from thence to the University, where he completed his education in a manner that reflected the highest honour on the different professors of that distinguished institution. After the lapse of a short time, he turned his attention to the study of the law, and was admitted a member of the Scottish bar before he had attained the age of twenty-one.

LIBRARY SETS
451112

In 1798, he married a Miss Carpenter, a young lady descended from a good family, and of great beauty and accomplishments.

Towards the close of the following year, he was appointed sheriff depute of the county of Selkirk; and in March 1806, he was appointed one of the principal clerks of the Sessions in Scotland. Being now relieved from the drudgery of professional labour, by the acquisition of two lucrative situations, and having about this period succeeded to the possession of a valuable estate on the death of his father, he was enabled to cultivate his taste for poetry, and to indulge in a variety of literary pursuits. His first publications consisted of translations from the German, which were afterwards followed by two ballads, entitled, "The Eve of St. John," and "Glenfinlas." In the year 1802, Mr. Scott published his first great work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which attracted general attention. This was followed by "Sir Tristem," and in 1805, he gave to the world his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of the most beautiful poems in any language, and which of itself is sufficient to hand him down to posterity. In the following year, he published a collection of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," and in 1808 appeared his "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field," which the author has himself characterized as containing the best and worst poetry that he has written. In the same year, he favoured the world with a complete edition of the works of Dryden, to which he prefixed a new life of that great writer, and interspersed many curious and extensive notes. While these volumes were proceeding

through the press, he also found time to bring out a quarto volume of "Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel." The rapidity of his pen was now beyond all example in the annals of genius. Within a few months, he undertook the editing of a new edition of "Lord Somer's Collection of Historical tracts," and at the same time "Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers," and "Anna Seward's Poetical works;" while in the same year in which these publications appeared, another original poem, "The Lady of the Lake," was ushered into the world; a poem which raised the fame of its author to the highest pitch. In 1811, appeared "The Vision of Don Roderick;" in 1813, "Rokeby," and in the following year "The Lord of the Isles," together with "The Border Antiquities of England," and a new edition of "Swift's works," with a biographical memoir and annotations. "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," originally published anonymously, have been acknowledged by him, and printed uniformly with his other poems. When "Waverley" first appeared, there was but one opinion on the subject of its author; which has since been confirmed by disclosures arising out of the late failure of his publishers.

Sir Walter Scott was created a Baronet by his present majesty, and he has also been elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Lady of the Lake,	1
Loch-Katrine,	3
Harp of the North,	4
Stag Hunt,	5
Brian the Hermit,	11
Malcolm Græme,	14
Roderick Vich Alpine,	15
Ambuscade,	21
The Maniac,	25
The Goblin Cave,	27
Mary,	29
Melrose Abbey,	30
Deloraine's Night Journey,	31
The Beacon Blaze of War,	47
The Minstrel,	49

	Page
Love,	53
Patriotism,	*ib.*
Combat between two Knights,	54
The Dance of Death,	60
A Hunting Song,	66
The Minstrel's Retreat,	67
Crichtoun Castle,	68
The Shepherd,	70
The Mysterious Palmer,	72
A Camp Scene,	74
Marmion's Reception at Norham Castle,	78
The Voyage of Lady Abbess and her Nuns,	87
The Battle of Flodden,	94
The Harp,	112
The Cypress Wreath,	114
The Bandits' Cave,	115
Bertram the Buccaneer,	121
Allen-a-Dale,	125
Hellvellyn,	127
Hebridean Scenery,	128
Bruce's Rencontre with Robbers,	132
Lochinvar—Lady Heron's Song,	143
The Battle of Bannockburn,	145
Pitt and Fox,	161
Christmas,	162
Wilfrid Wycliffe,	166

Page

Hafed, - - - - - 171
The Harem, - - - - - 174
Namouna, the Enchantress, - - - 183
Paradise and the Peri, - - - 185
A Dream of Antiquity, - - - - 205
Nourmahal, - - - - - 209
The Fickleness of Love, - - - 211
An Epistle from the Banks of the St. Lawrence, 213
Farewell, - - - - - 220
Melodies, - - - - - 222
Music, - - - - - 236

BEAUTIES OF SCOTT.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had died her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;

E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast:
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth

The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

LOCH-KATRINE.

Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

* * * *

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;

Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light
Her chalice oped of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The black bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—

O minstrel harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high,
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed
For still the burthen of thy Minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain ;
Yes, if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

STAG HUNT.

The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,

And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"—
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, e'er his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky:
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.

A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout:
With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var.
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old:
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed per force,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more:
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air,
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar:
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock.

Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,

The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humble crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his pace.—

BRIAN THE HERMIT.

A HEAP of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood;
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore,
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,

But Druid's from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look.
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er;
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art:
The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest:

There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full,
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume,
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate shrouded in her mantle's shade:
She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt with careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,

And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to sooth his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped her sable-lettered page;
E'en in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride,
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

MALCOLM GRÆME.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue:
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy!
Each pass, by mountain, lake and heath,

He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Out-stripped in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind:
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

RODERICK VICH ALPINE.

But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspen's wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;

Still is the canna's* hoary beard—
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again ! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.—

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle ;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine,
The bold Rir Roderick's bannered pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave ;
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies ;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke ;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters† down, and sweep,
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake, amain
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

* Cotton grass. † The drone of the bag-pipe.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away ;
Then, bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill gathering they could hear ;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight :
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal-dread,
The battered earth returns their tread ;
Then prelude light of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows :
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred ;
And groaning pause, e'er yet again,
Condensed, the battle yelled amain ;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout ;
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain ; but slow,
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,

And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

The war-pipes ceased : but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still,
And when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clans-men raise
Their voices in their chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burthen bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho ! iero !"
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"*

* Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in his intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade,
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on
the mountain,
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Bredalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied,
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side,
Widow and Saxon maid

common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called Mac Callanmore, or the *Son of Colin the Great*. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat: thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish King when endangered by a stag. But beside this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *beg* or *more*; at other times from some particular exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text signifies,

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *sorrans*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine !
O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand,
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the chieftain's name ;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land :
"Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow ?"—
Reluctantly and slow, the maid

The unwelcome summoning obeyed.
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung!—
"List, Allan-bane! from main-land cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth to them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

AMBUSCADE.

He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,

From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears, and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still ;
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge ;
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true :
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu !"

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
"Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand :
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair ;
The next, but swept a lone hill side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From lance and glaive, from targe and jack—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round

The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left, for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

THE MANIAC.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge;
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume

Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked, till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung.—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
  They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on highland brae,
  I cannot pray in highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That Heaven would close my wintery day!
'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
  They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
  And my true love would meet me there.
But wo betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile!

And wo betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan."

THE GOBLIN CAVE.

Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?—
In Ben-venue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell upon the mountain's crest
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast:
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Ben-venue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young:
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair,
Sought, for a space, their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread

Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs* hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

MARY.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken† curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!
I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When burst Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.
A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

* The *Urisk*, or Highland satyr. † *Bracken*—Fern.

And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose* aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory:
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;

* The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture, and Gothic sculpture, which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought.

And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

DELORAINE'S NIGHT JOURNEY.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door;
Then, from amid the armed train,
She called to her William of Deloraine.

A stark mosstrooping Scott was he,
As e'er couched border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarros moss;
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;*

* The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water: thus leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry, the Minstrel, tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Ethe Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound. In the retreat, Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther: Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

> The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, till she stood,
> Nor farther would frae time she fund the blood.

In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them one by one;
Alike to him was time, or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide, or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweed side;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the monk of St. Mary's aisle,
Greet the father well from me;
Say, that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be Saint Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep.
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look;

If thou readest thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

"O swiftly can speed my dapplegray steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
"Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Haribee."*

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,†
And soon the Teviot's side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod:
He passed the Peel‡ of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the moathill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round:
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

* *Haribee*, the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* in the beginning of the fifty-first psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c. anciently read by criminals, claiming the benefit of clergy.

† *Barbican*, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

‡ *Peel*, a Border tower.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviot side,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horselie hill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.*

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddlegirth and corselet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags† the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhills hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye,
For many a league, his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,

* An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

† A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name.

The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love.

Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold mosstrooper's road.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle bow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded* from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man nor horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart, and our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing place.

Now Bowden moor the marchman won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;†

* *Barded*, or barbed, applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.

† *Halidon-hill*, on which the battle of Melrose was fought.

For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Car were foes;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleugh's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heartblood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran;
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds† were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all:
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.

† *Lauds*, the midnight service of the Catholic church.

The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,*
To hail the monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me:
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

* *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

431112

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide:
"And, darest thou, warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring warrior, follow me!"

"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily,
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,

Where, cloistered round, the garden lay :
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.*

Spreading herbs, and flow'rets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night :
Nor herb, nor flow'ret, glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth ;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall :
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small ;
The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille :
The corbells† were carved grotesque and grim ;

* The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*

† *Corbells*, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask.

And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne !*
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined :
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,

* The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame, so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the batayles and encounterynge that I have made mention of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this batayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes; for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell the which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known. Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar. "His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym."—*Froissart.*

And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint
Whose image on the glass was died ;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone ;
(A Scottish monarch slept below ;)
Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone ;—
"I was not always a man of wo ;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the cross of God :
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

"In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wonderous Michael Scott ;*
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!

* Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician.

Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone ;
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened ;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed ;
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close,
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

"I swore to bury his mighty book,
That never mortal might therein look ;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at the chief of Branksome's need ;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on Saint Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright.
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,

That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

"It was a night of wo and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past;
The banners waved without a blast,"—
—Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one!
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, warrior! now, the cross of red,
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wonderous light
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon;
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart, to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,

Till the toil drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brown warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round;
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his book of might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee;
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted, prayed he,
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said;—
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"—
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned:
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the knight and priest withdrew,

With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at midheight thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

"Now, hie thee hence," the father said;
"And, when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet Saint John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"
The monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find;
He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;

And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray;
The sun had brightened the Carter's* side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome's towers and Teviot's tide.

* * * * *

When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed so dapple-gray
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay:
His armour red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

THE BEACON BLAZE OF WAR.

So passed the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;

* A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh.

E'en the rude watchman on the tower,
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour,
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rang around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;

And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud,
"On Penchryst glows a bale* of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire."

THE MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses, gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfry borne,

* *Bale*, a beacon-faggot.

He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.
He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Dutchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,

* Anne, Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !
When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode :
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Dutchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;

And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Dutchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churles,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to king Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared to try
The long forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left:
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way:
Still feel the breeze down Ettricke break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot's stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

COMBAT BETWEEN TWO KNIGHTS.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port* aroused each clan,

* A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes.

In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran :
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettricke wood ;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favoured most.

Meanwhile full anxious was the Dame
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestaine :
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo !
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared, and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff

Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed, and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still,
Call noble Howard, Belted Will.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The dame and she the barriers graced.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,

So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

ENGLISH HERALD.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn,
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!

SCOTTISH HERALD.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,

Who sayeth that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat.

LORD DACRE.

Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!——

LORD HOME.

——"God defend the right!"

Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,

And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!
O, bootless aid!—Haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

In haste the holy Friar sped;—
His naked foot was died with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod;
Still, even when soul and body part,

Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er.
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Night and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John:
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light;
Musquets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouack
Where the soldier lay,

Chill, and stiff, and drenched with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again
Though death should come with day.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near,
Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay;
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrol their course,
And spurred, 'gainst storm, the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,
When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance,
And doomed the future slain.—
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristened Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheeled their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;
The Seer, who watched them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay

Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance !
Brave sons of France,

For you our ring makes room ;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier !
Room for the men of steel !
Through crest and plate
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear !
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream ;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or wo
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearier flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say:
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafened his ear and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

A HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we :
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk :
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE MINSTREL'S RETREAT.

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone ?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage ?
No :—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
A simple hut ; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days ;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath :

When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the wrapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day:
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

CRICHTOUN CASTLE.

That castle rises on the steep*
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,

* A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. These splendid remains of antiquity are now used as a sheepfold.

When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence:
Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row,
Of fair hewn facets, richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilome were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More:*
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,

* The pit, or prison vault.

May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

THE SHEPHERD.

The shepherd, who, in summer sun,
Has something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretched, the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flower lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask,
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,

The blast may sink in mellowing rain,
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain;
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,

Poor Yarrow, partner of their wo,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.
Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's* loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marian of the blithsome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed.

THE MYSTERIOUS PALMER.

The summoned Palmer† came in place,
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,

* The Scottish harvest-home.

† A *palmer*, opposed to a *pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot, which was the object of his pilgrimage. The palmers seem to have been the *Quæstionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296.

Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
  Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
  As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil,
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
  His eye looked haggard wild.
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,
  She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or wo,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
  And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
  More deeply than despair.

A CAMP SCENE.

Much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show ;
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March armed, on foot, with faces bare,
For visor they wore none ;
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight,
But burnished were their corslets bright :
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

On foot the yeomen too, but dressed
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;
Each at his back, a slender store,
His forty days' provision bore
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,
A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.—
Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie,—
More dreadful far his ire
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light armed pricker plied his trade,—

Let nobles fight for fame ;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderers' game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
Looked on, at first, with careless eye,
Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know,
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord arrayed
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,
"Hist Ringan ! seest thou there !
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride ?
O ! could we but, on Border side,
By Eusdale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair !
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide ;
Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied
Could make a kirtle rare."

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,

A various race of man ;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The chequered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan ;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes, with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past ;
Their legs, above the knee were bare ;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast ;
Of taller race the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
The hairy buskins well supplied ;
The graceful bonnet decked their head ;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid ;
A broad-sword of unwieldy length ;
A dagger, proved for edge and strength ;
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O !
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.

MARMION'S RECEPTION AT NORHAM CASTLE.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,*
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung:
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.

* The ruinous castle of Norham, (anciently called Ubbanford,) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, show it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and indeed scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred,
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump* of spears,
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that Knight did call,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

* This word properly applies to a flight of waterfowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

There is a Knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty *plump* of spears.

Battle of Flodden.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot:
Lord Marmion waits below."—
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarred,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparred,
And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,

His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age ;
His square turned joints, and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel ;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnished gold embossed ;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field :
The golden legend bore aright,
"*Who checks at me to death is dight,*"
Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires ;
They burned the gilded spurs to claim ;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away ;

Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

Four men at-arms came at their backs,
With halbard, bill, and battle-axe :
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore ;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,
Where blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broidered on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Showed they had marched a weary way.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his lintstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared—
Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

The guards their morice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave;
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion,
Stout heart, and open hand?
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land."

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,

And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion :
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now largesse, largesse,* Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazoned shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

They marshalled him to the Castle hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourished the trumpet-call.
And the heralds loudly cried,
—"Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion.
With the crest and helm of gold !
Full well we know the trophies won
In the list at Cottiswold :
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
To him he lost his ladye-love,
And to the king his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair.
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,

* The cry by which the heralds expressed their thanks for the bounty of the nobles.

And saw his saddle bare ;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride ;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquered in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye !"—

Then stepped to meet that noble lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twissel, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high :

* * * *

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drained it merrily :
Alone the Palmer passed it by,
Though Selby pressed him courteously.

This was the sign the feast was o'er ;
It hushed the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :
And first the chapel doors unclose ;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugle blew to horse.
Then came the stirrup-cup in course ;
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost :
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had past
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;
Thundered the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore ;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar ;
Till they rolled forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

THE VOYAGE OF LADY ABBESS AND HER NUNS.

The breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle rolled;
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze;
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,*
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.

* The Abbey of Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilded by William Percy in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity.

Much joyed they in their honoured freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of St. Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye ;
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame ;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall :
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach ;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower ;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the saint ;
And gave the relique-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems embost ;
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reformed on Benedictine school ;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare :
Vigils, and penitence austere,

Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey,
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summoned to Lindisfarn, she came,
There with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair,
As yet a novice unprofessed,
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
She was betrothed to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land;
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below;

Nay, seemed so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scenes her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there ;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
To hide it till the jackalls come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast ;
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontrouled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame,
Oft put the lion's rage to shame ;
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised, with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of Lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore:
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

* * * * *

As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view

The Castle, with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;

Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised St. Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices sweetly shrill combined,
And made harmonious close ;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose ;
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim :
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

At length his eye
Unusual movement might descry,
Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending ;

Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

E'en so it was;—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is disappearing:
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,

Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead ?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right !"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne !—
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain ;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon;—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's banners fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said—
"This instant be our band arrayed;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer.

To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered, as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately;
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them, struggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,

He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshalled line stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount, and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid!
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."—
He waited not for answer there;
And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there be paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay,
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close,—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,

Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Among the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight,
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,

And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied
'Twas vain.——But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,—
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose:
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—

I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels :
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scattered van of England wheels ;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there ?"

They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!—
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—

Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
Tell him his squadrons up to bring—
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie :
Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
Edmund is down ;—my life is reft ;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !"—

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"DRINK. WEARY. PILGRIM. DRINK. AND. PRAY
FOR. THE. KIND. SOUL. OF. SYBIL GREY.
WHO. BUILT. THIS. CROSS. AND. WELL."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head.
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,

"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare:
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;—
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !"
So the notes rung.
"Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
O think on faith and bliss !—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory !—
"Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"—
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring,
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home ?—
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died !
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,
Our Caledonian pride !
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O Lady," cried the Monk, "away !"—
And placed her on her steed ;
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx light,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,

When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorned each childish toy;
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I wooed my solitary joy,
My harp alone.

My youth with bold Ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood
Where my poor father's cottage stood,

To fame unknown ;
What should my soaring wings make good ?
My harp alone.

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire ;
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone ;
What could presumptuous hope imspire ?
My harp alone.

At Manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And Manhood's pride the vision cursed,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own ;
Yet spared the spell that lulled me first,
My harp alone.

Wo came with war, and want with wo ;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe :
Can aught atone
My fields made waste, my cot laid low ?
My harp alone !

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venomed dart,
When hope was flown ;
Yet rests one solace to my heart,
My harp alone !

Then, over mountain, moor and hill,
My faithful harp, I'll bear thee still ;
And when this life of want and ill
Is well nigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill
My harp alone !

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !
Too lively glow the lilies light
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due ;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;

Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

THE BANDITS' CAVE.

"I TAKE thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie?"

"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said ;
" Descend and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so gray."
" Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."
Then muttered, " It is best make sure ;
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure."—
He followed down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta's streams they went,
And, when they reached the farther shore,
They stood the lonely cliff before.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmured din ;
But when Guy pulled the wilding spray,
And brambles from its base away,
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark winding through the living stone.
Here entered Denzil, Bertram here ;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hewed ;
And Brignal's woods, and Scargill's wave,
E'en now o'er many a sister cave,
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.
But war had silenced rural trade,

And the deserted mine was made
The banquet-hall, and fortress too
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.
There Guilt his anxious revel kept;
There on his sordid pallet slept
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drained
Still in his slumbering grasp retained
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past;
Among the feasters waited near,
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;
While Bertram showed amid the crew,
The master-fiend that Milton drew.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthy damp.
By what strange features Vice hath known,
To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brows retain,
Less deeply stamped, her brand and stain.
See yon pale stripling! when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,

Embowered upon the banks of Tees ;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dance on Gainsford-green.
A tear is springing—but the zest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter stirred the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat ;
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,
As one victorious o'er despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drowned,
And soon in merry wassail he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song !—

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turret high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily.

CHORUS.

" O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather range with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."—

"If, Maiden, thou would'st wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down,
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as queen of May."—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather range with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle born,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood."—
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay,
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musquetoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."—
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear,
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

And O! though Brignal banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."—

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen throng,
Till waked some ruder mate their glee
With note of coarser minstrelsy.

BERTRAM THE BUCCANEER.*

"Tidings from the host,
Of weight,—a messenger comes post."
Stifling the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus expressed—
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;
Admit the stranger, and retire."—

The stranger came with heavy stride,
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff coat, in ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.
Full slender answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But marked by a disdainful smile,
He saw and scorned the petty wile,
When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face
Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks, yet hide his own.

* In this character, Sir Walter Scott has sketched one of those West India adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneers.

His guest, the while, laid slow aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,
And to the torch glanced bread and clear
The corslet of a cuirassier;
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the dank plume dashed the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed;
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famished wolf that tears his prey.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a pace aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seemed their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,

And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil had done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame,
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,
The eye, that seemed to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blanched;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched,
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mocked at pain, and knew not wo;
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorned them all.

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;

For evil passions, cherished long,
Had ploughed them with impressions strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new
Had depth and vigour to bring forth
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chastened mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

E'en now, by conscience unrestrained,
Clogged by gross vice, by slaughter stained,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,
Quailed beneath Bertram's bold regard.
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove, by many a winding train,
To lure his sullen guest to show,
Unasked, the news he longed to know,

While on far other subject hung
His heart, than faltered from his tongue.
Yet nought for that his guest did deign
To note or spare his secret pain,
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,
Returned him answer dark and short,
Or started from the theme, to range
In loose digression wild and strange,
And forced the embarrassed host to buy,
By query close, direct reply.

Awhile he glozed upon the cause
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,
And Church reformed—but felt rebuke
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,
Then stammered—"Has a field been fought?
Has Bertram news of battle brought?
For sure a soldier, famed so far
In foreign fields for feats of war,
On eve of fight ne'er left the host,
Until the field were won or lost."

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.

Come, read me my riddle ! come hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to lord Dacre than Allen-a-dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright :
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanemore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother she asked of his house and his home :
" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone !
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

HELLVELLYN.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And startling around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Stridenedge round the Redtarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark-green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O! was it meet, that, no requiem read o'er him,

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

HEBRIDEAN SCENERY.

"If true mine eye
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskye;
No human foot comes here,

And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
What hinders that on land we go,
And strike a mountain deer?
Allan, my Page, shall with us wend,
A bow full deftly can he bend,
And, if we meet a herd, may send
A shaft shall mend our cheer."—
Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launched and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main.

A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
"St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Clombe many a crag, crossed many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happed to roam."—

No marvel thus the monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben,
But here, above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.

Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furled,
Or on the sable waters curled,
Or, on the eddying breezes whirled,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The grisely gulfs, and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shivered head?"
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.

BRUCE'S RENCONTRE WITH ROBBERS.

"But soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughtered stag.
Who may they be! But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread."—

"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,
Foes to my Liege."—"So let it be;
I've faced worse odds than five to three—
But the poor page can little aid;

Then be our battle thus arrayed,
If our free passage they contest;
Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest."
"Not so, my Liege—for by my life,
This sword shall meet the treble strife;
My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
And less the loss should Ronald fall.
But islesmen soon to soldiers grow,—
Allan has sword as well as bow,
And were my Monarch's order given,
Two shafts should make our number even."
"No! not to save my life!" he said;
"Enough of blood rests on my head,
Too rashly spilled—we soon shall know,
Whether they come as friend or foe."—

Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh;—
Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye.
Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-looked, unwilling to be seen;
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair arrayed.
With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three, that lagged small space behind,
Seemed serfs of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,

Made a rude fence against the blast ;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair ;
For arms, the caitiffs bore in hand,
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track ;—
"Tell who ye be, or else stand back,"
Said Bruce ; "In deserts when they meet,
Men pass not as in peaceful street,"—
Still, at his stern command, they stood,
And proffered greeting brief and rude,
But acted courtesy so ill,
As seemed of fear, and not of will.
"Wanderers we are, as you may be ;
Men hither driven by wind and sea,
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,
Will share with you this fallow deer."—
"If from the sea, where lies your bark ?"
"Ten fathom deep in ocean dark !
Wrecked yesternight ; but we are men,
Who little sense of peril ken.
The shades come down—the day is shut—
Will you go with us to our hut !"—
"Our vessel waits us in the bay ;
Thanks for your proffer—have good day."—
"Was that your galley, then, which rode
Not far from shore when evening glowed !"—
"It was."—"Then spare your needless pain,

There will she now be sought in vain.
We saw her from the mountain head,
When with St. George's blazon red
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail, and took to flight."

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!"
Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce;
"Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet rugged brows have bosoms kind;
We will go with them—food and fire
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep.—
Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be,
And well will pay the courtesy.
Come, lead us where your lodging lies,
—Nay, soft! we mix not companies.—
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,
And we will follow you;—lead on."—

They reached the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock displayed,
And there, on entering, found
A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
Low seated on the ground.

His garb was such as minstrels wear
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marred by care,
His eyes in sorrow drowned.
"Whence this poor boy ?"—As Ronald spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke ;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raised his head with start and scream,
And wildly gazed around ;
Then to the wall his face he turned,
And his dark cheek with blushes burned.

"Whose is the boy !" again he said.
"By chance of war our captive made ;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold ;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee ;
For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley shroud,
Makes blither melody."
"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound ?"
"Ay, so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck drowned,
And hence the silly stripling's wo.
More of the youth I cannot say,

Our captive but since yesterday;
When wind and weather waxed so grim,
We little listed think of him.—
But why waste time in idle words?
Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords."
Sudden the captive turned his head,
And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
It was a keen and warning look,
And well the chief the signal took.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require
A separate board and separate fire;
For know, that on a pilgrimage
Wend I, my comrade, and this page.
And, sworn to vigil and to fast,
Long as this hallowed task shall last,
We never doff the plaid or sword,
Or feast us at a stranger's board;
And never share one common sleep,
But one must still his vigil keep.
Thus for our separate use, good friend,
We'll hold this hut's remoter end.—
"A churlish vow," the eldest said,
"And hard, methinks, to be obeyed.
How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
That pays our kindness harsh return,
We should refuse to share our meal?"—
"—Then say we, that our swords are steel!
And our vow binds us not to fast,

Where gold or force may buy repast."—
Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,
His teeth are clenched, his features swell;
Yet sunk the felon's moody ire
Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
Nor could his craven courage brook
The Monarch's calm and dauntless look.
With laugh constrained,—"Let every man
Follow the fashion of his clan!
Each to his separate quarters keep,
And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."—

Their fire at separate distance burns,
By turns they eat, keep guard by turns;
For evil seems the old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning marked at once;
Which shot a mischief-boding ray,
From under eyebrows shagged and gray.
The younger, too, who seemed his son,
Had that dark look, the timid shun;
The half-clad serfs behind them sate,
And scowled a glare twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couched down and seemed to sleep, or slept.
Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue

Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretched his limbs to slumber laid.

Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides.
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;
Thus ranked, to give the youthful Page
The rest required by tender age.
—What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
To chase the langour toil had brought?—
(For deem not that he deigned to throw
Much care upon such coward foe,)—
He thinks of lovely Isabel,
When at her foeman's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favouring eyes,
At Woodstocke when he won the prize.
Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
In pride of place as 'mid despair,
Must she alone engross his care.
His thoughts to his betrothed bride,
To Edith, turn—O how decide,
When here his love and heart are given,
And there his faith stands plight to Heaven!
No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,

Answered the dog fox with his howl,
Then waked the King—at his request,
Lord Ronald stretched himself to rest.

What spell was good King Robert's, say,
To drive the weary night away?
His was the patriot's burning thought,
Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
Of castles stormed, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of England's roses reft and torn,
And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
Of rout and rally, war and truce,
As heroes think, so thought The Bruce.
No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
Sleep shunned the monarch's thoughtful eye
Now over Coolin's eastern head
The grayish light begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And clamoured shrill the wakening mew;
Then watched the Page—to needful rest
The King resigned his anxious breast.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,
The weary watch their safeties ask.
He trimmed the fire, and gave to shine
With bickering light the splintered pine;
Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
But little fear waked in his mind,

For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.
Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sister's green-wood bower,
How there the Easter-gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's lengthened mass,
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolonged the blazes die—
Again he roused him—on the lake
Looked forth, where now the twilight-flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furled,
The morning breeze the lake had curled,
The short dark waves heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash kissed cliff or sand ;—
It was a slumb'rous sound—he turned
To tales at which his youth had burned,
Of pilgrim's path by demon crossed,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.
Thither in fancy wrapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise ;
The hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars

Gleam like a firmament of stars !
—Hark ! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek ?—
No ! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's warning scream !
As from the ground he strives to start,
A ruffian dagger finds his heart !
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies !

Not so awoke the King ! his hand
Snatched from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath ;
With this he crossed the murderer's path,
And venged young Allan well !
The spattered brain and bubbling blood
Hissed on the half-extinguished wood,
The miscreant gaped and fell !
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord ;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple overthrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand !
—O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
Dash to the earth another foe,

Above his comrade laid !—
And it is gained—the captive sprung
On the raised arm, and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,
The mastered felon pressed the ground,
And gasped beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands The Bruce.

LOCHINVAR—LADY HERON'S SONG.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied !—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !—
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughtered men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmured prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'ermatched sought aid from Heaven.

On Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,

With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O ! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky !—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun ;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum ?
No !—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were tossed,
His breast and brow each soldier crossed,
And started from the ground ;
Armed and arrayed for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight.
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frowned.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way !
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once, before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled."—
"Ay! but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneeled,
These men will die, or win the field."—
"Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."—

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery

To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing,
As the wild hail stones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Wo, wo to Scotland's bannered pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—
—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain;
Then, "mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;

The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"—

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks,
They rushed among the archer ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the green-wood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry may-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,

May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldrick bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"—
To right-ward of the wild affray,
The field showed fair and level way;
But, in mid-space, The Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thundered to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.

Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field !
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—
The knightly helm and shield !
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony !
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallowed by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own !

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here ;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revelled round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drowned amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,

And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;—
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!

The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone ;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
"My merry-men, fight on !"—

Bruce with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free !
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa rock ;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge ;
Now, forward to the shock !"—
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone ;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick press on—they fail, they fail !
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast !
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last !"—

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore,
Alone, De Argentine

Yet bears on high his red cross shield,
Gathers the reliques of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reeled,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appeared, in her distracted view,
To hem the isles-men round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"—

The multitude that watched afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove The Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot's spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; e'en female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard,
Give to their zeal his signal-word,

A frenzy fired the throng :—
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven ;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs ;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom warms,
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms !"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a bannered host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scattered o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay :—
But when they marked the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshalled foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due !*

* Edward II. according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry, not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance ; but the governor remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence

In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turned his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gained the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:
"In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again,
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!—
Once more, my liege, farewell."—

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couched his spear,

Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain, or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

"My course is run, the goal is near;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."
Then in his stirrup rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharmed—a lance's point
Has found his breast-plate's loosened joint.
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who pressed the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gushed from the wound:
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turned him on the ground,
And laughed in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toiled The Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;

And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scattered rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear!
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"—
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near.
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breast-plate streamed with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove e'en then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke failed to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose:—
"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."—

Bruce pressed his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
It stiffened and grew cold—

And, "O farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleamed nor mass was said!"—

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmered pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shattered coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claimed in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

PITT AND FOX.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand
Looked up the nobles of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
"Here let their discord with them die;

Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ?"

CHRISTMAS.

Heap on more wood !—the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
Fit time for festival and cheer :
E'en heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
And wildly loose their red locks fly ;
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,

As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite,
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen:
The hall was dressed in holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrouled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,

Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnished with ribbons, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din:
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time ;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
E'en when perchance its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name ;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.*
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old ;
With flaxen beard, and amber hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost ;
The banished race of Kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

* "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

WILFRID WYCLIFFE.

A FOND mother's care and joy
Were centered in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Showed the elastic spring of blood;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turned from martial scenes and light.
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

In youth, he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff, and copse, and sky:
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soared on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless Spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.

* * * *

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present wo and ills to come,
While still he turned impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,
In all but this, unmoved he viewed
Each outward change of ill and good:
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child;
In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,
Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread;

For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,
Till, to the Visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

HAFED.

Who is he, that wields the might
  Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
  The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
  Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God whose eye-lids cast
  Their closing gleams on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from these old, enchanted kings,*
Who in their fairy helms of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave

* Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy-Land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

To a young, warm and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood,
As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks!*
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny,—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though fram'd for IRAN'S happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed

* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints," among which it rises.

Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty !

THE HAREM.

Through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here the way leads, o'er tesselated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet,* send forth odorous light,
Like Peri's wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode !—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon ;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays

* "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—*Turner's Tibet.*

High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers;
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;
While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
With odoriferous woods of CAMORIN,*
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree†
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,‡ and the thrush
Of Indostan,§ whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—

* C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité.—*D'Herbelot.*

† "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees."—*Barrow.*

‡ "In Mecca, there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

§ "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—*Pennant's Hindostan.*

Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood ;*
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;†
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds‡ that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on through scenes past all imagining,—
More like the luxuries of that impious king,§
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound,
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway

* Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles of India, and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

† "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon."—*Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

‡ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—*Gibbon.* vol. ix. p. 421.

§ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

Of worldly sloth ;—to teach him, while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame ?
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And daring deed ! thy godlike sages taught ;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy freedom nurs'd her sacred energies ;
Oh ! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare
Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath !
Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities !
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place !
But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
A Prophet of the truth, whose mission draws
Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his cause
With the world's vulgar pomps ;—no, no—I see—
He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury

Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
Of my young soul ;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze !"

So thought the youth ;—but, ev'n while he defied
The witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through every sense. The perfume, breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit ;—the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep !*
And music too—dear music ! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem—
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;—
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this ;
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;—
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven !

"O my lov'd mistress ! whose enchantments still
Are with me, round me, wander where I will—

* "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms."—*Sir W. Jones.*

It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look,
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
Oh my own life!—why should a single day,
A moment keep me from those arms away?'"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,

As they were captives to the King of Flowers ;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;
While others walk'd as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltry, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still !
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone ;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now :
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,

Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine ;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud's* edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN†
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began :

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER'S‡ stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER ?
No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,

* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the bank of the calm BENDEMEER!

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert sent,
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th' unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there—
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine

Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit :—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again !

NAMOUNA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

ONE,

O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh,
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung

Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!
All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,* which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems† of AFRIC.—

* * * * *

In short, all flowrets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,‡
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves,
And to the humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert.§—

'Twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,

* "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford.*

† "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson.*

‡ This name is applied by the Asiatics to the largest and richest sort of the Jumbu or rose apple tree.—*Sir. W. Jones.*

§ In the great desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary. *Asiat. Res.*

Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morns' dew, her roseate lip.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
Had caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!

Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,†

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it."—*Forster.*

† "The Aitan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lake of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise !
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin :—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun :—
Fleeter than the starry brands,

Flung at night from angel hands*
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heav'n?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMIRAR;†—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;‡—
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,§
With Life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?

* "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire-brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the Heavens."—*Fryer.*

† The Forty Pillars: so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney.*

‡ The Isles of Panchaia.

§ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson.*

And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And many, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of Gazna!*—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks

* Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—v. his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm.*

Of many a young and lov'd Sultana ;* —
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear !"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer to th' Invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell !—
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled !

* It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opens the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Affric's Lunar Mountains,*
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods

* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Bruce.*

Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile !*
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings†
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves ;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale‡—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.§
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold !
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'n's serenest light ;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds ;‖—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,

* "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alaway or the Giant." *Asiat. Researches* vol. i. p. 387.

† V. Perry's View of the Levant, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

‡ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Sonnini.*

§ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

‖ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—*Dafard et Hadad.*

When their beloved Sun's awake ;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream ;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird !—
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame !
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now
And ne'er will feel that sun again !
And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps

* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini.*

On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks*
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Wo to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes†
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

*Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

† *Bruce.*

One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.
But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,

Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
'Tis she,—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside !—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah ! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim !
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
" Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breath'd by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing, or death, 'tis sweet to me !
There, drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm;
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,

To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no,—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,

In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay,*
And in music and perfume dies away !"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !
But morn is blushing in the sky ;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze

* "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson.*

That from the Throne of Alla swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take !*
But ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory.—

* * * * *

Now, upon Syria's land of roses†
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !

* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand's* Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity.*

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous ;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls*
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;—
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks,
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN ?
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed,† with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banquetting through the flowery vales ;—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless PERI :
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down,
On that great Temple, once his own,‡

* "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands ; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them."—*Bruce.*

† The Syrinx or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—*Russel.*

‡ The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun;
Some amulet of gems anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel flies,*
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,

* "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—*Sonnini.*

Like winged flowers or flying gems ;—
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance,
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,

As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon a fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!

"There *was* a time," he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him and he wept! he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land* of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all."

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,

* The Nueta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear, that warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash, a meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her Harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
O! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,*
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!
Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—

* The Country of Delight—the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the city of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

My feast is now of the Tooba Tree.*
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,†
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,

* The tree Tooba that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

† Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the Angel Gabriel, "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breath'd the blissful air
That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene luxurious shade,*
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness!†

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm and peace!
And thou wert there, my own belov'd!
And dearly by thy side I rov'd

* Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first Book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens: and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Chap. ii. Vol. I.

† This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. Lib. vii. cap. 34.

Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!
And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way!*
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, NEA, thou didst look and move,

* In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. Plin. Lib. x. cap. 47.

Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!*
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,
And as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet!†
While others, waving arms of snow,
Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,‡
And showing limbs, as loth to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay in languor breathing,

* The Milesiacs, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions.—*Plutarch.*

† It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial; "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." Epig. 59, Lib. xii.

‡ Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity.

And the young bee-grape,* round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek!
Oh, NEA! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me!
Why did I wake! how *could* I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me!

NOURMAHAL.

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,†
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young NOURMAHAL.
When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.

* Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis") says Pancirollus, Book i. Sect. 1, Chap. 17.

† Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

This *was* not the beauty—oh ! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss ;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days ;
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams !
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings !
Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in Spring ;—
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.*
While her laugh, full of life, without any controul
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—

* "In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson.*

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave;
And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
Of the flow'rs* of this planet—though treasures were there,
For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the store
That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

THE FICKLENESS OF LOVE.

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;

* In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh you, that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round;*—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!†
Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—

* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's* Cérémonis Religieuses.

† "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called Celestial Bird. Its wings when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."—*Grosier.*

By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—

AN EPISTLE FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, (beneath whose ev'ning ray
We rest our boat among these Indian Isles,)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred to the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf!*
There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude luxuriant note

* Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate. *Pietro della Valle*, Part Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm beyond them in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white Rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair,
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,

And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,† gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

From the clime of sacred doves,‡
Where the blessed Indian roves,
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light,§
Which the eve of morning counts
On the Appallachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air.

*Anburey in his travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence. Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

‡"The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.* See the curious *Fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau*, Tom. i. p. 402.

§ "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones."—*Mackenzie's Journal.*

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,*
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-bird† I fly
Where beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves !‡
Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

* Après avoir traversé plusieurs iles pne considérables, nous en trouvames, le quatrieme jour une fameuse, nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin. *Voyages du Baron de Lahontan*, Tom. i. Lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

† "The Wakon-bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse.*

‡ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by a large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread* loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,†
Till with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!
Oft when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the grey moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,

* "The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—*Morse.*

† L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles; son nid est faint d'un coton tres-fin suspendu a une branche d'arbre. *Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu. Second Part. lett. xx.

Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting téars!
There, amid the Island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung
Virgins, who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh day-light o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood.*

* Vidi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.
Vedi come 'l ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando 'l aere con l' eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mor al pelo.
Dante, Purgator Cant. ii.

While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flowret's hue
Hath something strange and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze, or echo, or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream,
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donnington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high,
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead!
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,

And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

FAREWELL.

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter!
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to the growing,
How light was thy heart 'till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia.*

Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star* to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,†
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero ! forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep ;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;‡

* "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb.*

† For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, v. *Kempfer, Amœnitat, Exot.*

‡ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—*Trevoux, Chambers.*

With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian* are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

MELODIES.

I.

There breathes the language known and felt,
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever Rage can rouse, or Pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian poured his midnight strains,
And called his distant love with such sweet power,
That when she heard the well known lay,
No worlds could keep her from his arms away.
To those bleak realms of polar night,

* "The bay of Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Strype.*

Where the youth of Lapland's sky,
Bids his rapid reindeer fly,
And sings, along the darkling waste of snow,
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realms presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passions rise and fall from thee.

(Greek Air.)

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilyssus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn,
While, by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
When Athens nurs'd her olive-bough
With hands by tyrant power unchained,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstained ;
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter,
And every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

(Greek Air, interrupted by a trumpet.)

Hark ! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears—

Oh—many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that sound she hears,
And, tho' her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.—
See! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights,
A conqueror oft, a hero never;
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain-rill,
And gushed for ever!
Oh Music! here, even here,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wonderous power;
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land at evening hour
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring about his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him, why
He wandered from his hut to scenes like these?
Vain, vain, is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears,
And the stern eyes that looked for blood before,
Now, melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

(Ranz des Vaches, interrupted by a trumpet.)

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men !
Oh War ! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm
Thy vengeance takes a hallowed form,
And, like heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
Nor, Music ! through thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of HIM who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn, that man awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

(Spanish Patriot's Song.)

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems, in every note, to swear,
By Saragossa's ruined streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while one Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain a conqueror's glory !

(Spanish Air concluded.)

But ah ! if vain the patriot Spaniard's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's lights,
Can break nor melt the blood-cemented seal
That shuts too close the book of Europe's rights,
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,

Of buried hopes remembered well,
Of ardour quenched, and honour faded;
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine;
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh! Erin, thine.

(Melancholy Irish Air, succeeded by a lively one.)

Blest notes of mirth! ye spring from sorrow's lay,
Like the sweet vester of the bird that sings
In the bright sunset of an April day,
While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings.
Long may the Irish heart repeat
An echo to those lively strains;
And when the stranger's ear shall meet
That melody on distant plains,
Oh! he will feel his soul expand
With grateful warmth, and, sighing, say—
Thus speaks the music of the land,
Where welcome ever lights the stranger's way;
Where still the wo of others to beguile,
Is e'en the gayest heart's most lov'd employ;
Where Grief herself will generously smile,
Thro' her own tears, to share another's joy!

II.

From Chindara's* warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,

* "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson.*

Where in music, morn and night, I dwell ;
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strains that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past delight obey ;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song that bears,
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

* "The Pampadour pigeon is the species which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—v. *Brown's* Illustr. Tab. 19.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high and 'mid death
Through the field has shown—yet moves with a breath.

And, oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll!
So hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

III.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?

I knew not, I ask'd not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

IV.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it,
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the Light-house fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billows' commotion,
And thought that the Light-house look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star

That blaz'd on the breast of the billow :
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

V.

Oh ! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now ;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns !
But send round the bowl, and be happy a while ;
May we never meet worse in our Pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd ;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind ;
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Who often have wept o'er the dreams they believ'd ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine,—

That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

VI.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to a purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd!

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream !
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream !
Oh ! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

VII.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd, but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim ;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him !

The thought was ecstatic ! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown ;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own !

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more :
"Oh ! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before !"

VIII.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given :
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave were driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,

Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

IX.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

X.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;

Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark flowing urn!
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid their dies,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

XI.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathway of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealing, that taught him true love to adore,—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before,
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair:
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

MUSIC.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
In the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its mem'ry lives in music's breath.

THE END.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

RECD MLD
JUN 12 1964

JUN 1 1968

2m–10,'48(B1040)470

THIS LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

University of California, Los Angeles
L 005 781 319 8